Devotee

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

My son JJ had always had a spiritual side.

I came from a religiously family and reacted against it. I would not call myself an atheist. I guess that I have always felt that I had a personal god – somebody to talk to in moments of crisis, to ask the question ‘why?’, or to shout at in moments of frustration. My wife too, came from a devout home. They were Catholics and when she married me and moved away from her family she chose not to connect with the local church. So, both our boys were raised without religion.

We named him James because that was a family name. I am James and so was my father. When he was still alive I was ‘Junior’ and my son was ‘Junior’s Junior’ – JJ. The first born got the name, although in my case JJ was second. My wife’s father died a month before my oldest was born, so he was named Michael. JJ was two years younger.

Anyway, as I said, JJ had a spiritual side, and for him it required a search for God.

To the sadness of my wife and myself that search also led him into drugs. He lost weight and became very unhealthy. We did our best to provide him with help, but he was seldom at home during that time, and there was little that we could do.

When he had explored all manner of sects and cults across our country, he decided to go to India. He had got in with a group who were members of some Hindu or Buddhist group involved in meditation. He told me that he thought they were misguided, but that the true home of spiritualism was India. He told me that he believed that there were people there who had found God.

India is a big country but JJ was prepared to explore the beliefs there. Of course, we were worried about the dangers in that country – in particular access to more drugs. I told him that there was a return ticket when he was ready to come home, but otherwise we must let the next generation find their own way, even if that way is beset with dangers. We could only hope that the way would lead him to happiness and a life that might be worthwhile.

We received emails for a several months, until he appeared to pause in a small town in southern India, near the temple of a renowned guru, as we were told. Then the messages just dried up. There was not much we could do. We knew of no crime so neither local authorities nor embassy officials were interested. We contacted people who had travelled with him, but that had lost touch with him too. My wife and I wondered if he might be dead. It was distressing time.

We decided that despite my own personal circumstances, our only option was for me to travel to India to look for him. A little research had established that the town from where we last had contact was not big, and that there were a limited number of temples or other places of worship in and around the town. I made a list and printed out some maps. I went to the doctor to get shots, I bought myself some suitable clothes and within a few days I was on a flight to Mumbai.

From there I took a train through to the city of Anantapur – a journey of 18 hours, albeit in some comfort in first class. Then another hour by taxi to the town. I had booked the best hotel in the town on line. It was old fashioned but surprisingly clean. The manager was helpful and suggested the three most likely temples to visit. There were more if I had no success.

After a good night’s sleep (better than on the train) and armed only with energy bars, bottled water (to avoid local food and water) and a photo of JJ, I set off. I covered the first temple before lunch and then went to the second.

The second temple was less spectacular but clearly had a large complex. Nobody seemed to understand what I was asking but I was told that I should come and talk to an American who lived there. I followed the small boy designated to guide me through the open terraces and halls.

I saw that there was a light skinned person ahead of me. It was a young woman. She had long light brown hair, parted in the middle, with a red spot painted on her forehead. She was wearing a colourful sari in what looked like the finest silk, so that despite the many folds of the garment, the shape of her body – her shapely breasts and her hips – could be seen clearly. And most incongruously, she had the face of my son JJ. Her eyelids were ringed with kohl and her eyebrows shaped fashionably, and the lips appeared painted slightly, but it was JJ’s face.

“Is that you, son?” I asked, from the far side of the terrace.

“Yes, it’s me, Dad,” came the reply, in a soft feminine voice. Not JJ’s voice but with something of the timbre I could recognise.

“Why are you dressed like that?” My question seemed strangely ridiculous. We were still standing some distance apart. I wanted to embrace my son. But somehow I needed an answer first.

“I’m a temple attendant,” he said. “Only hajira are allowed to be attendants.”

I just said: “Oh”. I had no idea what that meant but now I was able to go to him and hug him. He smelt of frangipani. His hair was soft and his face was smooth. I could feel breasts against my chest. They seemed real. I had no idea what was going on. I was open-minded, but why this costume?

“Come and meet our master”, he said, with some excitement in his voice. He took my hand in his. I had not held his hand since he was a small child. It seemed soft and light. We walked, but I had questions:

“Why have you not been in touch with us? You mother is beside herself. It’s been almost a year since your last email. We thought that you might be dead. Why didn’t you send word.”

“Dad,” he said, in that same unnatural voice. “I am sorry. I should have gone to town and had a message sent for me. But we don’t use technology. We lead a simple life. But I have found truth here. Our master is the wisest of men, and he has power that he can pass directly to those close to him. He is truly remarkable. I have just been so caught up with everything that he has taught me. And he has taught me everything.”

There was no doubt that he was into this. I suppose I always knew that JJ would fall heavily into whatever belief system worked for him. As I said, he had a spiritual side and this dominated his thinking. My older son was only concerned with material things. Children can be so different from one another.

I suppose that when you picture a guru you imagine an old man with spindly legs, perhaps a fat belly, but certainly long grey hair and a long grey beard. This man was quite unlike that. He was not young – maybe mid-50s, a little older than me – with just a hint of grey in his thick dark hair and trimmed dark beard. He was tall and appeared strong and fit. He had a strong face with the hooked nose of a comic book villain, but his eyes and smile were warm and friendly.

When I was introduced he stood up quickly and took my hand. He said “Welcome, Father of Ours.” His English was perfect, without the tongue at the top of his mouth and maybe with the tones of a British Education. He seemed pleased to have me there, which seemed surprising enough.

“You must join us for dinner. We have many good things to eat. You should spend some time with your child. I am sure that Jana has much to tell you.” He called my son “Jana” which he said meant “God’s gift.” He said: “She is a gift from God to me.”

I said: “Well I’m sure that you understand that this is my son, not my daughter. Not a ‘she’”.

“She is now, Father of Ours,” he said to me. I looked at JJ and he just nodded. Of course that occurred to me what that meant. JJ was dressed as woman, was shaped like a woman, and sounded like a woman. I did not want to think about what it meant. I sort of put it to one side. Instead I wanted to understand what it was that had captured my son so totally.

“We believe that life is like a circle,” he said. “We die and we are born again. But it is not a circle. It is an upward moving spiral. With every life we advance our souls a little. And with every experience we advance our lives. The finest experiences are born of sacrifice and kindness to others. Your child is kind and good, and for that I am pleased and grateful to you, Father of Ours. I call you this out of respect for the human being you have raised.”

It was evident that he was genuinely impressed with JJ, and I was proud that he felt that way.

There was a wisdom about him. Sometimes I felt that he was looking straight through me to my soul. If you believe in such things, there was a magnetism there, something that defied rational explanation.

I was reluctant to eat the food. I had been prepared to come to India and eat nothing local. My only experience of Indian food back home had been indifferent. But I just seemed to respond to his offers as if guided by an invisible hand. It was disconcerting. I ate as he directed. The food was spicy but good.

After dinner, he said that I could stay the night if I wished. Their sleeping quarters were spartan, but he said that there were three rooms with comfortable beds in what he called “the Blue House”. It was getting late and a taxi seemed like a hard job to find. I really did not have much alternative.

We talked a little more, and drank some sweet tea. And then we went to the Blue house to retire. I had expected for him to leave me there, but it then became apparent that both he and JJ would be sleeping in this building also.

There was a wet-room to wash in. I was grateful to wash off the sweat and grime. There was a large collarless kamiz night shirt to wear to bed. I hoped to sleep easily, but within a minute or two of putting my head on the pillow, I thought that I heard a voice calling me.

It was almost dream-like. The voice seemed to be coming from inside my head. It was not so much directing me but commentating on movements I was already making – out of my room and entering the larger bedroom next door. The Master was there, and standing beside him was JJ, no longer in the sari, but covered in a light garment. The Master was naked.

He turned to me and with that familiar smile and friendly eyes he motioned me to sit in the chair facing them. Then, with a single gentle movement he pulled the robe from JJ’s body. My son stood there naked. He had full round breasts and there were no genitals. His groin was clear beyond a small patch of pubic hair. Nothing left of his maleness. I should have been shocked, but in my dreamy state I was just fascinated.

JJ did not look at me. He looked only into the eyes of his Master as he took that man’s penis in his hand. He kneaded it into life. I am not judge of any but my own, but it looked like a very big erection. Then JJ lay on the bed and pulled his legs open. There where my son’s genitals once stood was a vagina. Then the Master was inside my boy, humping away, in front of me.

I could not move. I sat there watching as a man fucked my boy. He fucked my castrated and feminized son. And I just sat through it, without a word. It had to be a dream. A nightmare to be exact.

I awoke in my bed next to that room, with no recollection of how I got there. Surely, that made it a dream. Vivid, but imaginary.

I put my clothes on and wandered through the garden until I found cooking smells. I found the Master sitting cross legged eating some flatbread and white cheese washed down with tea. He motioned me over with a hearty “Good morning.”

Even if it was only a dream I should have hated him as a result of it, but again I found myself responding to his signs of friendship with deference. I sat beside him and ate some flat bread with soft white cheese and fruit, and I drank some tea.

JJ appeared with more fruit. Somehow, he looked invigorated. He was dressed similarly to the day before – just a different colored sari. And his honey brown hair was pulled back off his forehead and wound into a large bun on the back his head. He looked pretty (there is no better word), something I had not noticed the day before. And somehow healthy and alive. I remarked that he seemed to be “glowing” today. It seemed a strange thing to say.

“Last night you saw me receive powerful fluids from the Master,” said JJ. “Energy-giving, life-giving fluids, directly into my body”.

What was I hearing? It had happened after all. It was not a dream. I had indeed, watched a man fuck my son. My son had a vagina where his genitals had been. And I sat and watched and did nothing. What did that make me? How could I not stop the man now sitting beside me?

“You can see the benefit of the power that I have developed through effort and meditation,” said this monster. I looked at him in horror while he continued: “I have used that power to take an unhealthy and confused young man, and create a healthy and happy young woman, with power and purpose.”

He looked at JJ with genuine admiration, and perhaps even love. I wanted to jump up and hit him. But I suddenly felt weak, and my pain resurfaced.

“You are also unhealthy,” the man said. “I could see it when you arrived. I could feel it when we shook hands. You are very sick.”

“I came here to bring my son home,” I explained. His mother misses him greatly and will need him with her. But you are right. I have cancer. My time is limited. I think you have the power to return JJ to us. That is what I am asking of you. To be able to take JJ home.”

I was pleading rather than attacking him partly because I saw that as the best option, but partly because I was just tired. The illness had sapped me, and with the effects of the travel, I was just worn down.

“The power that I have is more than that,” he said. “I have the power to rid you of this disease. The disease is a male disease. Your body is reacting against your maleness. I see in you the same beauty that I saw in Jana. You are the same as her. If you will let me place my fluid in you, and if you will become one of my special few, then you may leave with Jana if that is what you wish. But I want you to leave and live, not die.”

JJ had been watching and listening, and said: “What cancer, Dad? I didn’t know.”

“Curiously, he is right,” I said, referring to the Master. “My cancer has spread from my prostate to other parts of my body. But it started in a male organ. It has been held in check with the drugs I am taking. That accounts for the thinning hair. But the drugs will not cure it, and tissue removal will not fix it either. I have less than a year.”

There was a moment of silence between us. Some tears flowed from JJ’s beautiful eyes. Then the guru spoke again:

“I tell you I can offer you a cure. I am sure that you have been through worse than the treatment I propose. Even if you don’t believe it, you should try it. And I will unite your family. It will be a sadness to me but I will direct Jana to go home with you, and to stay with you for at least a year. I am sure that she will want to come back, but she has a duty to her family and to you. I respect that.”

The idea troubled me. Was he suggesting emasculation like my son? But I was a desperate man. I had come a long way to find my boy and bring him home. I was too weak to take him against his will. Whatever was being proposed seemed more effective. I was assuming that there was no cure, just the opportunity to bring JJ home. My time was up so it seemed that I could pay any price with what was left of my body.

I said: “I understand that your powerful fluid is your semen, so how would be delivered to me?” It was a practical question, but clearly indicated my willingness to consider this perversity.

“You have no vagina … yet,” he said. “So, your mouth or your anus. You choose.” It was delivered with such blandness that it made it all the more disgusting.

Giving this man, or any man, a blow job was not an option. So, to free my son from him meant taking his penis up my bottom. I had already been heavily probed in that area with my cancer. Frankly, it seemed a small price. So I simply said: “When?”

“Eat your breakfast,” he said. “Jana will prepare you. You will be ready later this afternoon. I must meditate. Then we will be together, you and me. You will experience mystery and joy. It will be a special moment for you, and for me too.”

As he rose and walked away I wondered just how deluded this man was. He might find pleasure in it, but for me it promised to be a truly awful experience, but perhaps a necessary one. Free my son, and maybe, just maybe … .

I had decided that I would surrender to this horrific thing and let whatever would happen that day, happen. Jana led me to what appeared to be a bath-house. My head was wrapped, and then I was covered in a grey mud and left to stand or lie on a stone slab for at least an hour, maybe two. There were several young women there. One played a musical instrument most of the time. Another sang. Two engaged me practising their English. After a time, the mud was washed off my body and I found that it was completely devoid of hair.

The cloth was removed from my head and what was left of my hair was shaved off. There was only a small mirror to view myself. It looked as if I was prepared for death.

I bathed and then JJ appeared with a jug of oil and two objects – clearly dildos.

“If you prepare, there will be no discomfort,” he said. He had me lie on my back on a mat with another rolled mat under my bottom. He explained: “The Master will want to make love to you face to face.”

Make love?! “I’m not sure that’s what I want,” I said. Then I gasped a little as the lubricated smaller of the two tools entered me by my son’s hand.

It was dusk before the Master was ready. I was not hungry. I had shared “tiffin” with the girls of the temple before the continued the work preparing me. I was now beautified with a black cloth wound around my shaven head and knotted on the top; and eyes decorated with kohl. My body was washed again and perfumed. I was laid on a bed. Each of the girls and JJ kissed me on the head and mumbled incantations of some kind. There was the smell of incense in the air. It was exotic and strangely exciting. But, to put it bluntly, I was about to be bum-fucked.

The master entered the room. He was wearing a loose robe. The same one he wore last night. His penis hung but was already engorging. He knelt beside me and kissed me on the forehead. I stared at the ceiling. He then kissed my neck and moved down my body which, devoid of hair, seemed to have acquired extreme sensitivity. He licked each nipple, his tongue explored my navel. Despite myself I felt stimulated, but my thankfully my penis did not stir.

I felt his fingers check my asshole. It was already flushed with a perfumed enema, well stretched by the larger tool, and lubricated. I braced myself.

“Relax, my darling,” he said. Somehow I just responded to his words. My body went slack and I remember being almost thrilled to hear the words “my darling” delivered in this man’s soft baritone voice. My eyes closed.

I hardly noticed the moment of entry, before I was aware that he was fully inside me, warming my body internally with his penis. I opened my eyes again and he was there, over me, smiling, stroking my smooth face. Starting to move. His hips moving.

There was a slurping sound with each stroke, and then the sound of his hips slapping against my thighs. There was no sensation of pain, just a warm comfort, being slowly replaced with a wave of pleasure, then waves building in intensity, and then … .

My wife and I had enjoyed sex for 30 years. Lately, through my illness, it had become impossible, but I knew what a good orgasm was. But what I had just experienced was on another level. My first thought was ‘if this is what gay sex is like then what have I been doing all my life?’ But then I started to wonder whether this really was an orgasm or whether I was responding to this man’s power – real or imaginary. Maybe JJ was right – he had a power.

His penis was out of me. I was almost disappointed. He had some fluid on his fingers. He smelt it and said to me: “This is your fluid. It is diseased. But it is gone now.”

“Thank you,” I said. Was I thanking him for the perceived cure or for giving me a sexual sensation that was beyond my wettest dream?

“Sleep, my darling,” he said. Those words again. I found myself smiling at him, as sleep overtook me.

When I work up I felt remarkable. Instead of dragging myself out of bed I sprang to my feet. There was no pain in my body. I felt fresh and alive, the way I used to in the mornings. I did not feel ill in any way. Could I have experienced some miracle cure overnight? I am a rational man, so the idea of the Master’s sperm being the instrument of that cure remained a ridiculous notion, but could my body have responded to suggestion and expelled the disease?

I was naked except for the cloth knotted on top. I looked at myself in the mirror above the basin. I looked almost like a woman with the smooth face, the shaped eyebrows and the outlined eyes. And the cloth looked almost as if I had dark hair in a high bun. I pulled it from my head. To my surprise my had was covered in hair. Just half an inch, but all over my head. Not just where it had been before my cancer, but where it had been when I was a child. And just like my hair as a child it was blonde.

Even without the cloth I still looked female. A mature woman with very short hair. Almost desperately I checked my chest and my crotch. No sign there of feminization. Except my testicles – they were definitely smaller. But the treatment I received at home could have caused that. But the hair seemed to be a significant physical change overnight without explanation.

There was nothing to wear except a robe. I slipped it on and tied it closed with a large pink silken sash I found on the dresser. I hurried off to find JJ.

The Master was sitting in the same place as yesterday having the same breakfast. He called out to me: Good morning, most Beautiful One.” Somehow I felt the compliment was deserved. Today I felt beautiful.

I was starving. I had not eaten since tiffin the day before, but even then I would have eaten only a little. Now I found myself scoffing every delicacy, much to his amusement.

“You will be blonde,” he observed. “I must confess I have always found blondes very attractive. We Indians are supposed to prefer our woman with pale skin and dark hair, but I like tanned and blonde. You are meant to be this kind of woman. It was my privilege to bring you to the world.”

“I cannot explain the hair,” I said to him. “Unless I have been asleep for a week, it cannot grow like this.” It was difficult for me not to find a scientific explanation when all he seemed to offer was magic. I said: “There is no such thing as magic.”

“I agree,” he said. “Hair can grow fast or slow. It is just a bodily function. But you have more energy now, so it will grow fast for a while. All these girls can tell you that. They all started like you.”

I looked around at his assembled attendants. They were all attractive young women. Or were they? As if to prove the point JJ appeared. His hair was now in a long thick braid draped over his shoulder. Not a trace of male in his appearance and his bearing. She stooped to kiss the Master on the lips.

He said to her: “Your parent brought me great joy last night. But, without appearing conceited, I think I gave back joy many times greater.”

He was right. At that moment I had an unnatural craving to have this man inside me again. I had to swallow a large mouthful of tea and move back to the food selection to divert myself.

In fact, as it turned out I did give in to him again, that night, twice the following day, and the morning that we were due to depart as he had promised. On each occasion the sensations were equally incredible and afterwards, I felt charged with energy. However he was doing it, it appeared to be working.

But clearly a man who looks forward to being impaled by another man’s penis is not heterosexual, so I had to face up to the reality that after 53 years, I was now a gay man. And apparently, a hungry one. I was surprisingly easy with it. As I explained, sex with my wife had been off the table for some time, so before I died, she would be missing nothing. As a gay man who could only receive, I could function sexually. But somehow, I still did not feel gay. In truth, I think that I felt like a woman.

JJ and I were to set off to Anantapur on our way home. As I said, the Master had taken me to bed in the morning, after having spent the night with JJ. He was genuinely sad to see us go. There was heartfelt sadness in the goodbyes. But as he said: “I made a promise.”

JJ had nothing but Indian clothes so we had to stop at the markets in the City to find stuff to wear. He went straight to clothes for women. It was hard to argue that he should not wear those clothes. But what was weird was that I accepted his advice to buy from there too. I bought slacks and some colourful shirts, and some sandals, and a leather bag to carry stuff in, and a leather folder big enough for my passport, cash and cards with a coloured clip in the front.

Somehow I had an idea in my head that with these clothes on and with the shortish blonde hair, I still looked like the man in the passport photo. JJ looked less like the man in his photo than I did, but neither of us looked like men. It was not until we got onboard the flight and people started addressing us “What would you Ladies like to drink” that it hit home. At the stopover JJ bought some duty-free cosmetics and suggested I do too. I would not have done it, but we had time to kill and they were offering a free makeover.

Both of us got a serious double-take at passport control, but at this stage we were just giggling about it. That makeover just made us feel good. And of course we had bought the cosmetics.

It was a bigger shock for my wife and older son. Imagine this: Your ailing father goes overseas to bring home his wasted younger son, and what comes back is a pair of women. I really felt that way after the makeover, and it was reinforced when my oncologist told me that my cancer was gone but that my prostate gland and testes had atrophied away to almost nothing. He recommended surgical removal to avoid infection, so I had that done during my vaginoplasty.

Of course my wife was pleased that I was now alive, but she was sad to lose me as a husband. The way that I put it to her was that she was going to lose her husband anyway, but this way she would get to keep her best friend and companion, and a co-parent to our two wonderful children – now a son and a daughter. The truth is that she coped better with JJ’s new sex than with mine. She had always wanted a daughter, and now she had one.

With me, she never adjusted to lesbianism. That was OK with me, as I found it difficult too. Now that I was fully equipped for sex with a man, I was keen to try it. After that, there was no going back.

I grew my hair out. The Master was right and it grew like crazy over about the next 6-8 weeks. Now I wear it collar length now, in soft blonde curls, just the way men like it. JJ keeps her long, but she also favors some curls these days.

And did we go back? Of course we did. Within a year as promised. JJ took her fiancé with her, to help him understand where she had come from. My only concern was that the Master would choose him to add to his harem as well, but he gave his blessing for the marriage, and JJ was happier for that.

I went so that he could see me, and so that we could make love as man and woman. As I explained I had some opportunities to try out my new equipment, but with the Guru was undoubtedly the best sex of my life – man or woman. I think that he will always be my spiritual husband. Even as I live my life now, back home, as a truly feminine woman, I will be forever devoted to him.

The End

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